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The Manchester Journal.

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C. A. PIERCE, PROPRIETOR.

Speech of Parson Brownlow,

DELIVERED IN NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1862.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I take [illegible] of anything and all I may say, to apprise you of what you will all have discovered before I take my seat—that is to say, in my public addresses, no matter what my theme may be, I do not present it to an audience with an eloquence that charms or with that beauty of diction which captivates, fascinates and charms. This, I may be allowed to say, I most sincerely regret, because there is no power on earth—there is no power so great and of such influence upon the human mind as the power and influence of oratory, finished and high wrought. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears, Cicero by captivating their affections. The one perished with its author, the other has continued throughout all time, and, with public speakers, will continue to the end of time. But there is one thing I am confident of this evening, and that is, I address an appreciative audience, an assemblage who have congregated on this occasion to hear some facts in reference to the great rebellion South—the gigantic conspiracy of the nineteenth century; and I shall therefore look more to what I shall say than to the manner of saying it; more, if you please, to the subject matter of what I shall say than to any studied effort at display or beauty and force of language. I will be allowed by you an additional remark or two personal in their nature to myself. For the last thirty-five years of my somewhat eventful life I have been accustomed to speak in public upon all the subjects afloat in the land, for I have never been neutral on any subject that ever came up in that time. Independent in all things, and under all circumstances, I have never been entirely neutral, but have always taken a hand in what was afloat. About three years ago my voice entirely failed from a stubborn attack of bronchitis, and for two years of that time I was unable to speak above a whisper. During that period I performed a pilgrimage to New York and had an operation performed upon my throat, and was otherwise treated by an eminent physician of this city, who greatly benefitted me, and who, when I parted with him, enjoined it upon me to go home and occasionally exercise my speaking machinery, and if I could do no better, to retire to the grove or village of the town where I live, and to make short speeches, to declaim upon stumps or logs, as the case might be. Instead of doing so, however, in the town in which I live I frequently addressed a temperance organization in favor of total abstinence; and you all know that is a good cause. At other times, as a regular ordained licensed Methodist preacher, I tried to tell short sermons to the audience. That is a good cause, you admit. And yet, both together failed to restore my voice (laughter) and when I left home for the North, by way of Cincinnati, I had no intention or expectation of making a speech; but as soon as I opened my batteries in Pike's Opera House, in Cincinnati, against this infinitely infernal rebellion, I found myself able to speak and to be heard half a mile. (Great laughter.) I attribute the partial restoration of my voice to the goodness, the glory and the Godlike cause in which I profess to be engaged—that of vindicating the Union. (Applause.)

We are, ladies and gentlemen, in the midst of a revolution, and a most fearful one, as you all know it is. I shall, in the remarks I may make here, advance no sentiment, no idea, I shall employ no language that I have not advanced and employed time and again at home, away down in Dixie. I should despise myself and merit the scorn and contempt of every lady and gentleman under the sound of my voice if I were to come here with one set of principles and opinions for the North, and another set for the South, when I am there. (Applause.) I will utter no denunciation of the wretched, the corrupt and the infamous men who inaugurated this revolution South, here, that I would not utter in their hearing on the street where I reside. I therefore say to you in the outset of my remarks, I purpose to make what I have time and again said through the columns of the most widely circulated paper they had in the South—a paper, by the way, they suppressed and crushed out on the 25th of October last—the last Union journal that floated over any part of the Southern confederacy, and to this good hour the last and the only religious journal in the eleven seceded States. I say then to you, as I have said time and again, that the people of the South, the demagogues and leaders of the South, are to blame for having brought about this state of things, and not the people of the North.—(Cheers.) We have intended down South for thirty years to break up this government. It has been our settled purpose and our sole aim down South to destroy the Union and break up the government. We have had the Presidency in the South twice to your once, and five of our men were re-elected to the Presidency, filling a period of forty years. In addition to that we had divers men elected for one term, and no man at the North ever was permitted to serve but the one term; and, in addition to having elected our men twice to your once, and occupied the chair twice as long as you ever did, we seized upon and appropriated two or three miscreants from the North that we elected to the Presidency, and ploughed with them as our heifers. We asked of you and obtained at your hands a Fugitive Slave law. You voted for and helped us to enact and establish it. We asked of you and obtained the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line, which never ought to have been repealed. I fought it to the bitter end, and denounced it and all concerned in repealing it, and I repeat it again to night. We asked and obtained the admission of Texas into the Union, that we might have slave territory enough to form some four or five great States, and you granted it. You have granted us from first to last all we have asked, all we have desired; and hence I repeat that this thing of secession, this wicked attempt to dissolve the Union, has been brought about without the shadow of a cause. It is the work of the worst men that ever God permitted to live on the face of this earth. (Applause.) It is the work of a set of men down South who, in winding up this revolution, if our administration and government shall fail to hang them as high as Haman—hang every one of them—will make an utter failure. I have confidence myself, and thank God I always have had faith and confidence, in the government crushing out this rebellion.—We have the men at the head of affairs who will do it—and that gallant and glorious man McClellan—(enthusiastic cheering, and waving of handkerchiefs, which lasted for some minutes) a man in whose ability and integrity I have all the time had confidence, and prophesied he would come right side up. My own distracted and oppressed section of the country, East Tennessee, falls now by the new arrangement into the military district of that hero, Fremont. (Cheers and hisses.) We rejoiced in Tennessee when we heard that we had fallen into his division, and although I have always differed with him in politics, yet, in a word, he is my sort of man. He will either make a spoon or spoil a horn in the attempt. When he gets ready to go down into East Tennessee I hope he will let me know. I want to go with him side by side, on a horse, with epaulettes, a cocked hat and a sword; and our friend Briggs, of New York, a former member from Congress, who is now on the platform, has promised me a large coil of rope, and I want the pleasure of showing them how to hang. (Great applause.) We have had experiments in this thing of crushing out rebellion. We had a long time ago one in Massachusetts, and the government crushed it out. Afterwards we had the whiskey rebellion in the neighboring State of Pennsylvania, and the government applied the screws and crushed it out. Still more recently we had a terrible rebellion in South Carolina, and, with Old Hickory at the helm, we crushed it out—and if my prayers and tears could have resurrected the old hero two years ago—though I never supported him in my life—and placed him in the chair disgraced and occupied by that miserable mockery of a man from Wheatland, we would have had this rebellion crushed out; let General Jackson been in politics what he was—I knew him well—he was a true patriot and a sincere lover of his country. When Floyd commenced stealing muskets and other implements of war, and his associates commenced plotting treason, had Old Hickory been President, rising about ten feet in his boots and taking Floyd by the collar, he would have sworn by the God that made Moses, *this thing must stop.*—And when Andrew Jackson swore that a thing had to stop it had to stop. (Laughter.) More recently still, we had a rebellion in the neighboring State of Rhode Island, known as the Dorr rebellion, and the government very efficiently and very properly put it down; but the great conspiracy of the nineteenth century and the great rebellion of the age is now on hand, and I believe that Abe. Lincoln, with the people to back him will crush it out. It will be done, it must be done, and it shall be done; (great cheering) and, having done that thing, gentlemen and ladies, if they will give us a few weeks rest to recruit, we will lick England and France both, if they wish it, and I am not certain but we will have to do it, particularly old England. (Great laughter.) She has been playing a two-fisted game, and she was well represented by Russell, for he carried water on both shoulders. I don't like the tone of her journals, and when this war is finished we shall have four or five hundred thousand well drilled soldiers, inured to the hardships of war, under the lead of experienced officers, and then we shall be ready for the rest of the world and the balance of mankind.

When the rebellion first opened—something like twelve months ago—I saw, as every observing man could see, where we were driving to, and what would be the state of things in a very short time. In the inauguration of the rebellion I took sides with the Union and with the Stars and Stripes of my country. How could it be otherwise? I had travelled the circuit as a Methodist preacher in the State of South Carolina in 1837, in Pickens and Anderson counties (Anderson county being the one where John C. Calhoun lived,) and I fought with all the ability I possessed, and all the energy I could muster, the heresy of nullification then. I even prepared a pamphlet in South Carolina, of seventy pages, backing up and sustaining Old Hickory and denouncing the nullifiers—and they threatened to hang me then. I have been a Union man all my life. (Applause.) I have never been a sectional man. I commenced my political career in Tennessee in the memorable year of 1828, and I was one, thank God, of the corporal's guard who got up the electoral ticket for John Quincy Adams against Andrew Jackson. In the next contest I was for Clay. (Great cheering.) You and I and all of us cheer and applaud the mention of the name of Henry Clay. I purpose to move, when this rebellion is over, that we shall hold a National Convention, and I will put in nomination for the Presidency the the last suit of clothes that Clay wore before his death. (Great laughter and applause.) When the rebellion fairly opened, they saw the course my paper was taking, and they approached me as they did every other editor of a Union paper in the country with money. They knew I was poor, and they supposed it would have the same influence over me that it had over almost all the Union editors of the South, for they bought up the last devil of them all throughout the South.—(Laughter and cheers.) I told them as one did of old: Thy money perish with thee. I pursued the even tenor of my way until the stream rose higher and higher with secession fire, as red and hot as hell itself, and commenced pouring along the great artery of travel, that great railroad to Manassas, Yorktown, Richmond, and Petersburg. Then it was that, wanting in transportation, wanting in rolling stock wanting in locomotives, they had to lie over by regiments in our town, and then they commenced to rule Union men upon rails. I have seen that done in the streets, and have seen them break into stores and empty their contents; and coming before my house with ropes in their hands they would groan out, "Let us give old Brownlow a turn, the damned old scoundrel; come out, and we will hang you to the first limb. I would appear, sometimes, on the front portico of my house, and would address them in this way:—"Men, what do you want with me?" for I was very select in my words. I took particular pains to never say gentlemen. (Laughter.) "Men what do you want with me?" "We want a speech from you; we want you to come out for the Southern confederacy." To which I replied:—"I have no speech to make to you. You know me as well as I know you; I am utterly and irreconcilably opposed to this infernal rebellion in which you are engaged, and I shall fight it to the bitter end. I hope that if you are going in to kill the Yankees in search of your rights, that you will get your rights before you get back." These threats towards me were repeated every day and every week, until finally they crushed out my paper, destroyed my office, appropriated the bunding to an old smith shop to repair the locks and barrels of old muskets that Floyd had stolen from the federal government. They finaly enacted a law in the Legislature of Tennessee authorizing an armed force to take all the arms, pistols, guns dirks, swords and everything of the sort from all the Union men, and they paid a visit to every Union house in the State. They visited mine three times in succession upon the business, and they got there a couple of guns and one pistol. Being an editor and preacher myself I was not largely supplied, and had the balance concealed under my clothes. (Great laughter.) Finally, after depriving us of all our arms throughout the State, and after taking all the fine horses of the Union men every where, without fee or reward, for cavalry horses, and seizing upon the fat hogs, corn, fodder and sheep, going into houses and pulling the beds off the bedstead in the daytime, seizing upon all the blankets they could find for the army; after breaking open chests, bureaus, drawers and everything of that sort—in which they were countenanced and tolerated by the authorities, civil and military—our people rose up in rebellion, unarmed as they were, and by accident. I know it was from Chattanooga to the Virginia line—a distance of 300 miles—one Saturday night in November, at eleven o'clock, all the railroad bridges took fire at one time. (Cheers and applause.) It was purely accidental. I happened to be away from home at that time. (Laughter.) I had really gone out on horseback—as they had supressed my paper—to collect the fees which the clerks of the different counties were owing me, which they were ready and willing to pay me, knowing that I needed them to live upon; and as these bridges took fire while I was out of town, they swore that I was the bellwether and ringleader of all the devilment that was going on, and hence that I must have had a hand in it. They wanted a pretext to seize upon me, and upon the 6th day of December they marched me off to jail—a miserable, uncomfortable, damp and desperate jail—where I found, when I was ushered into it, some 150 Union men; and, as God is my judge, I say here to-night, there was not in the whole jail a chair, bench, stool or table, or any piece of furniture, except a dirty old wooden bucket and a pair of tin dippers to drink with. I found some of the first and best men of the whole country there. I knew them all, and they knew me, as I had been among them for some thirty years. They rallied round me, some smiling and glad to see me, as I could give them the news that had been kept from them. Others took me by the hand, and were utterly speechless, and, with bitter, burning tears running down their cheeks, they said that they never thought that they would come to that at last, looking through the bars of a grate. Speaking first to one and another, I bade them be of good cheer and take good courage. Addressing them, I said, "Is it for stealing you are here? No. Is it for counterfeiting? No. Is it for manslaughter? No. You are here, boys, because you adhere to the flag and the constitution of our country.—(Cheers.) I am here with you for no other offence but that; and, as God is my judge, boys, I look upon this 6th day of December as the proudest day of my life. (Great applause.) And here I intend to stay until I die with old age or until they choose to hang me. I will never renounce my principles. (Cheers.) Before I was confined in the jail, their officers were accustomed to visit the jail every day and offer them their liberty, if they would take the oath of allegiance to the Southern confederacy and volunteer to go into the service and they would guarantee them safety and protection. They were accustomed to volunteer a dozen at a time, so great was their horror of imprisonment and the bad treatment they received in that miserable jail. After I got into the jail—and they had me in close confinement for three dreadful winter months—all this volunteering and taking the oath ceased, and the leaders swore I did it. (Great cheering.) One of the brigadiers who was in command of the military post, paid me a special visit, two of his aids accompanying him. He came in, bowed and scraped, saying—"Why, Brownlow, you ought not to be in here."—"But your generals," I replied, "have thought otherwise, and they have put me here." "I have come to inform you that if you will take the oath of allegiance to the Southern confederacy, we will guarantee the protection and safety of yourself and family."—Rising up several feet in my boots at that time, and looking him full in the eye—"Why, said I, "I intend to lie here until I rot from disease, or die of old age, before I will take the oath of allegiance to your government. I deny your right to administer such an oath. I deny that you have any government other than a Southern mob. You have never been recognized by any civilized Power on the face of the earth, and you will never be. (Applause.) I will see the Southern confederacy, and you and I on top of it, in the infernal regions before I will do it." "Well, said he, that's damned plain talk." (Laughter and applause.) "Yes," I replied, "that's the way to talk in revolutionary times." (Applause.) But I must hasten on, I will detain you, too long. (Loud cries of "go on," "go on.") But, gentlemen and ladies, things went on. They tightened up; they grew tighter, and still more tight. Many of our company became sick. We had to lie upon that miserable, cold, and naked floor, with not room enough for us all to lie down at the same time—and you may think what it must have been in December and January—spelling each other, one lying down awhile on the floor and then another taking his place so made warm, and that was the way we managed until many became sick unto death. A number of the prisoners died of pneumonia and typhoid fever, and other diseases contracted by exposure there. I shall never forget, while my head is above ground, the scenes I passed through in that jail. I recollect there were two venerable Baptist clergymen there—Mr. Pope and Mr. Cate. Mr. Cate was very low indeed prostrated from the fever and unable to eat the miserable food sent there by the corrupt jailer and deputy marshal—a man whom I had denounced in my paper as guilty of forgery time and time again—a suitable representative of the theives and scoundrels that head this rebellion in the South. (Applause.) The only favor they extended to me was to allow my family to send me three meals a day by my son, who brought the provisions in a basket. I requested my wife to send also enough for the two old clergymen. One of them was put in jail for offering prayers for the President of the United States, and the other was confined for throwing up his hat and cheering the Stars and Stripes as they passed his house, borne by a company of Union volunteers.—When the basket of provisions came in the morning they examined it at the door, would look between the pie and the bread to see if there was any billet or paper concealed there communicating treason from any outside Unionist to the old scoundrel they had in jail; and then when the basket went out, again the same ceremony was repeated, to discover whether I had slipped any paper in any way. The old man Cate had three sons in jail. One of them, James Madison Cate, a most exemplary and worthy member of the Baptist church, who was there for having committed no other crime than refusing to volunteer, lay stretched at length upon the floor, with one thickness of a piece of carpet under him and an old overcoat doubled up for a pillow, in the very agonies of death, unable to turn over, only from one side to the other. His wife came to visit him, bringing her youngest child with her which was but a babe, but they refused her admittance. I put my head out of the jail window, and entreated them for God's sake, to let her in, as her husband was dying. They at last consented that she might see him for a limited time of fifteen minutes. As she came in, and looked upon her husband's wan and emaciated face and saw how rapidly he was sinking, she gave evident signs of fainting, and would have fallen to the floor with the babe in her arms, had I not rushed up to her and cried, "Let me have the babe," and then she sank down upon the breast of her dying husband, unable at first to speak a single word. I sat by and held the babe until the fifteen minutes had expired, when the officer came in, and in an insulting manner notified her that the interview was to close. I hope I may never see such a scene again; and yet such cases were common all over East Tennessee. Such actions as these show the spirit of secession in the South. It is the spirit of murder and assassanation—it is the spirit of hell. And yet you have men at the North who sympathize with these infernal murderers. (Applause.) If I owed the Devil a debt to be discharged, and it was to be discharged by the rendering up to him of a dozen of the meanest, most revolting and God-forsaken wretches that ever could be called from the ranks of depraved human society, and I wanted to pay that debt and get a premium upon the payment, I would make a tender to his Satanic Majesty of twelve Northern men who sympathize with this infernal rebellion. If I am severe and bitter in my remarks (Cries of "No no; not a bit of it,") if I am, gentlemen, you must consider that we in the South make a personal matter of this thing. We have no respect or confidence in any Northern man who sympathizes with this infernal rebellion—(Cries of "Good") nor should any be tolerated in walking Broadway at any time. Such men ought to be ridden upon a rail and ridden out of the North. ("Good, good.") They should either be for or against the "mill dam;" and I would make them show ther hands. (Laughter.) Why gentlemen, after the battle at Manassas and Bull run the officers and privates of the Confederate army passed through our town on their way to Dixie, exulting over the victory they had achieved, and some of them had what they called Yankee heads, or the entire heads of federal soldiers, some of them with long beards and goatees, by which they would take them up and say, "See! here is the head of a damned soldier captured at Bull run." That is the spirit of secession at the South. It is the spirit of murder of the vile untutored savage; it is the spirit of hell, and he who apologizes for them is no better than those who perpetrate the deed. (Cheers.) In Andy Johnson's town.—(three cheers for Johnson were here given)—and while Johnson's name is on my lips, I will make another remark or two here; if Mr. Lincoln had consulted the Union men of Tennessee as to whom they wanted for military Governer of the State, to a man they would have responded Andy Johnson. I have fought that man for twenty-five long and terrible years; I fought him systematically, perseveringly and untiringly; but it was upon the old issues of whiggery and democracy, and now we will fight for one another. (Cheers.) We are the Union men of Tennessee, unconditional Union men—and the miserable wretch who will attempt here or elsewhere to resurrect old exploded parties and party issues, and try to make capital out of this war, deserves the gallows, and deserves death. (Applause.) In Andy Johnson's town they had the jail full of prisoners, drove his family out of his house, and his wife being in the last stages of consumption, appropriated his house, carpets and bedding for a hospital, and his wife had to take shelter with one of her daughters in an adjoining county, and Johnson has in him to night a devil as big—and there is in the bosom of every Union man in Tennessee—as my hat; and whenever the federal army shall find its way there, we will shoot them down like dogs and hang them on every limb we come to. (Applause.)

They have had their time of hanging and shooting, and our time comes next; and I hope to God it will not be long. I am watching in the papers the movements of the army, and whenever I hear that my country is captured I intend to return post haste and point out the rebels.—(Cheers.) I have no other ambition on earth but to resurrect the Knoxville *Whig* and get it in full blast, with one hundred thousand subscribers. (Cheers.) And then, as the negroes say down South, "I 'spress my opinion of them." (Great Laughter.)—If I have any talent in God's earth it is the talent to pile up epithet, one upon another. (Laughter and cheers.) But in the town of Greeneville, where Andrew Johnson resides, they took out of the jail, at one time, two innocent Union men, who had committed no offence on the face of the earth, but that of being Union men—Nashby and Fry. Fry was a poor shoemaker, with a wife and half a dozen children. A fellow from way down East in Maine, by the name of Daniel Leadbeater, the bloodiest and most ultra man, the vilest wretch, the most unmitigated scoundrel that ever made a track in East Tennessee. This is Col. Daniel Leadbeater, late of the United States Army, but now a rebel in the secession army. He took these men, tied them with his own hands upon one limb, immediately over the railroad track in the town of Greenville, and ordered them to hang four days and nights, and directed all the engineers and conductors to go by that hanging concern slow, in a kind of a snail gallop, up and down the road, to give the passengers an opportunity to kick the rigid bodies and strike them with a rattan. And they did it. I pledge you my honor that on the front platform they made a business of kicking the dead bodies as they passed by; and the women (I will not say the ladies, for down South we make a distinction between ladies and women)—the women, the wives and daughters of men in high position, waved their white handkerchiefs in triumph through the windows of the car at the sight of the two dead bodies hanging there. Leadbeater for his murderous courage, was promoted by Jeff. Davis to the office of Brigadier General.—He had an encounter, as their own papers at Richmond state, at Bridgeport, not long ago, with a part of Gen. Mitchell's army, where Leadbeater got a glorious whipping. His own party turned round and chastized him for cowardice. He had courage to hang innocent unarmed men taken out of a jail, but he had not courage to face the Yankees and the Northern men that were under Mitchell and Buell. He took to his heels like a coward and scavenger that he is.—(Applause and cheers for Gen. Mitchel.) Our programme is this, that when we get back into East Tennessee we will instruct our friends everywhere to secure and apprehend this fellow, Leadbeater; and our purpose is to take him to that tree and make the widow of Fry tie the rope around his infernal neck. (Cheers.) In the county of Knox, where I reside, and only seven miles west of the town of Knoxville, they caught up Union men, tied them upon logs, elevated the logs upon blocks six or ten inches from the ground, put the men upon their breasts tieing their hands and feet under the log, stripped their backs entirely bare, and then with switches, cut their backs literally to pieces, the blood running down at every stroke. They came into court when it was in session, and when the case was stated, the Judge replied:—"These are revolutionary times, and there is no remedy for anything of the kind." Hence, you see, our remedy is in our own hands; and with the help of guns, and swords and sabres, we intend, God willing, to slay them when we get back there wherever we can find them. (Cheers.—In the jail where I lay they were accustomed to drive up with a cart, with an ugly, rough, flat-topped coffin upon it, surrounded by fifteen to forty men, with bristling bayonets, as a guard to march in through the gate into the jail yard, with steady, military tread. We trembled in our boots, for they never notified us who was to be hanged, and you may imagine how your humble servant felt; for if any man in that jail, under their law, deserved the gallows, I claim to have been the man. I knew it and they knew it. They came sometimes with two coffins, one on each cart, and they took two men at a time and marched them out. A poor old man of sixty-five and his son of twenty-five were marched out at one time and hanged on the same gallows. They made that poor old man, who was a Methodist class leader, sit by and see his son hang till he was dead, and then they called him a damned Lincolnite Union shricker, and said, "Come on, it is your turn next." He sank, but they propped him up and led him to the halter, and swung both off on the same gallows. They came, after that for another man, and they took J. C. Haum out of jail—a young man of fine sense, good address, and of excellent character—a tall, spare made man, leaving a wife at home, with four or five helpless children. My wife passed the farm of Haum's the other day, when they drove her out of Tennessee and sent her on to New Jersey—I thank them kindly for doing so—and saw his wife ploughing, endeavoring to raise corn for her suffering and starving children. That is the spirit of secession, gentlemen.—And yet you have a set of God forsaken, unprincipled men at the North, who are apologizing for them and sympathising with them. (Applause.) When they took Haum out and placed him on the scaffold they had a drunken chaplain. They were kind enough to notify him an hour before the hanging that he was to hang. Haum at once made an application for a Methodist preacher, a Union man, to come and pray for him. They denied him the privilege, and said that God did not hear any prayers in behalf of any damned Union shrieker, and he had literally to do without the benefit of clergy. But they had near the gallows an unprincipled, drunken chaplain of their own army, who got up, and undertook to apologize for Haum. He said:—"This poor, unfortunate man, who is about to pay the debt of nature, regrets the course he took.—He said he was misled by the Union